

The High-way Hector, Or,

A very quaint Poem in which much is said,
Concerning the manner and tricks of the trade
To the tune of, *Hunger and cold, or Packingtons pound.*



I Am a brave Padder,
You ne're knew a Padder,
From Paddington Pear-tree
Turn'd over the Ladder.
I speak French and Latine,
I wear Plush and Satten,
And in my profession
I grow fat and batten,
I go like a Gallant
in all sorts of weather,
And seem to be valiant
in Buff, Coat and Feather;
I keep a Grey Mare,
and with raw Beef I nurse her,
To fit her for stand,
and deliver your purse Sir.
I keep a good Jade,
and I feed a fine Whoze,
I deal in no trade,
yet I never was poor,
I travel through Coyn
and whole Acres of fruit,
And yet I was born
unto never a fat:
The Partrich that's neat,
and the Pheasant that's fine,
Doth serve for my meat
and at midnight I dine;
It is very seldom
my feeding is worse,
All this comes by stand, &c.

If my punk do but falter,
or be out of case,
My Hostesses daughter
doth jump in the place;
For Digging and Padding
and nimning and stabbing,
Doth serve to supply me
with drinking and drapping:
But if I can find
nere a young female elf
To please me,
then have at my Hostess her self,
If she be not willing
I hang her and curse her,
All this comes by stand, &c.
They sit up and wait
and attend me by turns,
If I stay too late
the poor Innkeeper mourns;
The Cook-maid will not
be seduced to sin,
Although she be lov'd
by the chief Chamberlin,
For will she submit
to let any man taste her,
When she is provoked
by the power of her Master,
Who dares not displease me
so far as to force her,
All this comes by stand,
and deliver your purse Sir.

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When day-light doth dawn
 I knock and they bustle,
 The Hostler doth pawn
 and the Geldings do juggle :
 My wine is provided,
 my horse is rub'd down,
 And they are all guided
 like men of my own :
 They all give attendance
 both knaveship and whoreship,
 And keep themselves wakening
 to wait on my worship :
 If the Paid fall asleep
 all the servants do curse her,
 And this comes by stand &c.
 When want doth importune,
 I borrow of many,
 But nere have the fortune
 to pay back a penny :
 If I meet an old Judge,
 I possess him with grief,
 As if I were the Justice
 and he were the thief :
 Of all trées I come to
 I fear none but one tree,
 And dare not be try'd
 by the King and the Countrey :
 Such tryal is worse
 then a nimble-tongu'd wife sir,
 When Judges cry stand
 and deliver your Life sir,
 My trade is as lawful
 if taken in one sense,
 As many that measure
 their wares by their conscience,
 For 'tis in the conscience
 no worse a vice
 To pinch them in padding
 as cheat 'em in price :
 I think when I rob
 a precise city Brother,
 'Tis cheat upon cheat,
 and one cheat cheats another :
 Then tell me in conscience
 if this be not worse
 Then boldly cry stand, &c.

Those Rogues that are brewing
 of war 'gainst their King,
 Sincerely are doing
 the very same thing :
 With angles of zeal
 they study and labour,
 To plunder and steal
 from their very next neighbour,
 Whilst we are obliged
 and bound by the Charters
 Of Paddington law
 not to smook our own quarters.
 Then tell me good people
 if this be not worse,
 Then they that cry stand, &c.
 If any by dodging
 would traffick in my way,
 Let him come to my lodging
 my name's Rob in Highway:
 I'll prove my profession
 though you think it strange;
 More honest then many
 that cheat on the change :
 Then filch in the synesse
 of galling and sobbing,
 Much more then those gallants
 who purchase by robbing,
 And therefore in Reason
 it seems to be worse,
 Then mine that cry stand, &c.
 Our way is more level
 more honest and ev'ner,
 Then either the Usurer,
 Broker or Scribner :
 They get mens Estates
 and totally rout 'em,
 Whilst Padder takes nothing
 but what is about 'em :
 Our way of defeating
 though free from such synesse,
 Is better then cheating
 with shadows of kindness :
 And therefore most freely
 confess that 'tis worse,
 Then mine that cry stand
 and deliver your purse sir.
 Licensed according to Order.